

# PATTERNS OF THE AFTERWORLD

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*September 26, 2024*

AS WE MOVE THROUGH OUR LIVES, we may not be very conscious of the 'secret lands,' at the 'liberated underground' of our culture. There will always be souls, in life, who are in transition, *or who are in self transformative state.* These will traverse

the distances, required for self knowledge to form. *Deeper understanding slowly gestates, and these indeed may eventually become ministers of light.* These 'sacred lands' are where life transformation of this nature sometimes happens... *but why do so many come to their end, from self injury, there?* I think that there are those people, who are repeating ancestral patterns, *and who are trapped just outside of reach of real family and togetherness.* But the grand thing is, that love wants to build a bridge, unto that isolated person. Around our lives, on the surface of planet Earth, is a plaine of 'subconscious awareness,' *where,*

*it is thought, that 'Souls freely play.'* There are other ways of describing this alternative, commonly unseen plaine of consciousness... *I myself spent the better part of a decade in a place of 'subsistence habituation,' where I went from drinking episode to drinking episode. I was self medicating... a doctor could have prescribed me Ritalin, but I couldn't breathe a word of my condition.* There are, I believe, beings which somewhat inhabit this invisible, unseen world... these might be the souls of the departed, those who are somewhat given to repeating the patterns of their living years. Say, for instance,

someone had died, with an alcoholic drink in their hand. You know, that many people die in this way. *This might well explain why, so many advanced souls there are, who seem to be overly attached to their glass or thermos of ice water... winter or summer.* Isn't this a pattern which echoes around, and repeats endlessly in Gods Deveachaic plaine, *as an act of defiance, perhaps?* But, I guess what I'm talking about, is that, these patterns, some of them, of the dearly departed, tend to repeat themselves into the lives of the survivors... who might be a grandson or daughter, *of someone who 'thought of,' themselves as a*

*'drinker,' because that's what they spent most of their time doing, in their living years.* Well, at any rate, this writing is mainly to begin a new part four, of this twenty twenty four part D audiobook. I'm presently in my living cubicle, and it's almost eleven P M, on a cloudy late September night. I sit thinking quietly of the 'robots in the rafters,' and conversing peacefully with them through their telepathic organelles. I've wanted to start this part four of this years writings, somewhat so that I'll have some work to put my mind unto, when I make a living arrangement change, at the first of the

coming week. At any rate, thinking of the Gaw gann painting, '*the spirits of the dead watching*,' got me started thinking about patterns which repeat into our lives, subconsciously. *A bad example of this which I can think of is the 'cigarette to the mouth,' pattern. Now there's a socially detrimental habit, if ever there was one. Healthcare expenditure, for the nation.* This flows, I think, from the souls in our midst, who may be trying to recapture the thrills, and escapism, of their remembered living years. The other bad thing, is, that the soul may well be fully recovered, in Heaven, but he or she may still feel doubt

and worry, about the younger mortals who tend to repeat the ascended person's old habits, or who may be unintentionally affected, or drawn into such. *But, I think, we mortals carry about ourselves a bubble, or pocket of warm, damp air.* If we'll try, then we can see our need somewhat to lay claim, upon this personal space, as we would if it were our own acre of the moon's silvery surface. *Let this warm air layer be your comfort and insulation from the harshness of this planet... which ever one such might happen to be upon.* I've thought of this pocket, or envelope of warm, moist air around ourselves, as being

our shielding from the storms which rage. One may have to consciously make amends with this air pocket, or zone... in order to amicably inhabit this gentle air... *in order to allow, or grant oneself permission to feel so good, and secure, in the future.* It's hard to hold a piece of infinity in your hand, *when such is shy, and elusive, and tends to 'hug the shadows.'* At any rate, these have been a few thoughts. I'll tell you, how the 'wisdom of the wolf pack,' to the thirsty traveler, begins to look appealing. *When does this wonder begin in the life of the voyager?* In my life, it's was when two separate souls touched one

another's hearts, across time and space... *as an grand entrance into not only distraction, but also interconnectedness... the world of the telepath.* Although we may be distanced from one another, we can yet '*join hearts in the present.*' (Not neglecting ones moment, or failing to write out ones truth, *you'll save the fleeting impressions of the mind!*) I'll paraphrase a singer I once loved... 'There is a road, inside of you and me.' 'No fumbling pilgrim in the dark... Look within and you'll see.' While this is true, there were many dead end alleyways, and broken roads, in reality. But, then I gradually

learned to be led solely by the Spirit. *I stopped 'repeating the same mistakes, expecting a different result.'* I got myself free, and clean. Well, these have just been a few thoughts. I'll wrap these ideas up, and add in with the others now. All for now, Greg.